Perhaps some of the children who read the stories in the Independent may remember the one about Jack Frost, and the beautiful pictures he painted on the window-panes for the little crippled Jamie Brown. I have some-

thing more to tell you about the same Jamie. When the warm spring days came, making the earth beautiful with green grass and the trees with their fresh leaves and blossoms, Mrs. Brown would carry Jame's chair under a large old apple-tree which grew in the yard opposite the kitchen door. Here Jamie would sit for hours, looking so cheerful and happy that no one would have known how much pain he was suffering in his hip, excepting that his face was white and very thin.

One lovely morning in the middle of May Jamie was sitting under the apple tree watching the birds as they gathered materials to build their nests. His mother had hung threads and narrow strips of cloth to the branches of them; and the birds were delighted with this supply of their wants. When they saw the threads they uttered a droll little chirp, and, seizing as much as they could carry, would fly more than she was strong enough for, and the heavy load would drag the poor little thing to the ground.

he loved all birds; but I think that his favorites were the martins.

who knew how much he liked them, made a Louse out of two raisin boxes and put it on the shed, where it was in view from Jamie's chamthe martins did not mind that, and filled it as soon as they could. They built their nests, laid their eggs, and hatched the little ones, whom they taught to fly, so that by the middle of

As soon as May again came, Jamie began watching to see if they would come to their half a yard long in his bill, two black-birds appeared in the sky. Jamie looked at them eagerly, and was almost sure they were martins; when, to his great joy, they flew directly to the martin-box just as though they remembered living in it the last summer. Jamie clapped his hands and called to his

mother: "Mamma, mamma," said he, "the martins have come!" Mrs. Brown came to the door and looked. Then she said:

"So they have, Jamie. How glad you are,

The lady martin, who always wears a breast- In a little bark a fishermaid knot of white feathers, sat outside, while her polite mate, who saved her all the trouble he And many a fish around her shot, could, went into the house. He look around with evident care; then flew out again, and

"Twitt, t-witt !" "T-wee, t-wee," replied the lady bird. have many points to discuss regarding the house; and then flew away. Jamie wished he An empty skiff reposed on the lake, could understand them, and know what con- And passing the grove of alders fair,

others with them. What a chattering they made, as they flew around the box, hopping possession. But then came a difficulty. The martins, being wise little creatures, never allow more than one pair in a room. Jamie's box had but eight rooms-four on the first storycommodate sixteen martins. Eighteen had come, and none seemed willing to give up their

"While Jamie was wondering what he would do, Doctor Morton, his kind physician, came to see him. "Good morning, Jamie," said the Doctor. "So your martins have come?"

"Yes, sir," said Jamie, "but the box will not hold them all." "That's too bad," said the Doctor, "I have

an empty box in my barn that you may have if you would like it." "Oh, how kind you are, Doctor," said Jamie, his bright face thanking him more than his

"I will go home and send Tommy right over with it," said the Doctor; "and perhaps the martins will settle in it at once.

In a few minutes Tommy, who was the boy who took care of the Doctor's horses, came with the martin-box and a ladder, and very soon the box was nailed upon the end of the shed opposite to where the old one was. While Tommy was doing this the birds flew about overhead, twittering and making a great noise

work and carried away the ladder, they came back to look at their new accommodations. The pair who were too many for the first box for the summer.

Jamie named this pair of martins Twitter

their nest with. They were up by four o'clock and those in heaven increased, what wonder is in the morning, and worked until sunset in such a merry way it was plainly all fun to them. At sunset they would take a little rest in visiting their friends and chatting over the ger here?" the affairs of the day, they then returned to their houses, put their heads under their wings and went to sleep.

This state of things lasted for more than a week; when one noon came when Twitter did not go home. Chirp seemed to be troubled, and looked anxiously around the sky; but he was nowhere in sight. She did not say anything about her uneasiness to her neighbors but she could not eat the bugs she had laid aside for their dinner. She made a little pretense of gathering twigs, but really was looking only for Twitter.

When night came, without bringing him back, she felt so troubled she thought she must go and see it her neighbors knew anything about him. But they made such a fuss in their sympathy that poor little Chirp was glad to fly home, where she could watch quietly for her A little longer yet, a little longer,

She perched herself upon the chimney, which was the highest part of the house, and craned her poor little neck in search of him, until all the other birds were fast asleep and the stars had come out. Then she went to her lonely room, thinking that in the morning he would

As soon as it was light she was up, and went into the other rooms of the box, perhaps to see if Twitter could have gone into one of

they were all empty. She gave up making her nest, though she flew around a little and gathered some food. The day passed without tidings of the lost one. The next day she did not leave the box, but sat upon the chimney, looking off mourn-fully in the vain hope of seeing Twitter. The fully, in the vain hope of seeing Twitter. The martins from the other box came several times to inquire for him; but, finding that there was no news, and that Chirp was poor company,

flew off again, satisfied that they had done the A little longer still, and Heaven awaits thee, polite thing in making the visit.

For ten days poor Chirp sat upon her watchtower, but no tidings came to her of her lost love. She looked so lonely Jamie could hardly help crying to see her. He said her name was no longer Chirp, but she must be called

She did not bear her new name much longer than she did the first one, though. When she found that Twitter did not come, and that all A little longer yet, and angel voices the other birds had finished their nests, while

At last the brother of one of the other martins, having heard of her loss, and thinking that so affectionate a bird would make a good

of being the murderer. He used to shoo at her nothing to disturb the peace of the martins, who lived happily until the time came for them low " with us : to go South. Jamie told his mother one day that he

thought the martins were the nicest things that came in the summer. "Do you?" said his mother. "Why, yes," said Jamie; "the martins and other birds, and the flowers and fruits, and the warm weather that lets me stay out under the

apple-tree." Mrs. Brown smiled as she kissed him, and thought how good God was to send so many enjoyments to her suffering child. And she thanked him, too, for making Jamie grateful and happy, instead of allowing him to be fretful and discontented.

#### STRAY THOUGHTS ON POETS AND POETRY.

BY B. M. P.

It is now late at night, not, however, "in the bleak December," and, like poor Edgar Allen the trees, to make soft and warm linings for Poe, after having "pondered weak and weary over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," I am almost ready to imagine I hear some one "rapping at my chamber door;" away with it. Sometimes one would try to take but I trust I shall not be interrupted by any such unwelcome visitor in the current of my thoughts; for indeed upon them must I depend These things interested Jamie very much, for for your entertainment. Rather than spend time on subjects so much more inviting to the politicians, I shall avoid army bills, Cuban af-The summer before this one some of the boys, fairs, free trade, &c., &c., and, with your kind permission, stray off into the realms of poetry. and present you with a few selections which, I ber window. It was a clumsy little house; but think, have in them great beauty and feeling. The following is one of the prettiest little poems I have ever met with anywhere. It is translated from the German, in which language August they all went off to their winter home it was originally written by Robert Reinick, an artist as well as poet, who was born in 1805, and died at Dresden in 1832. There is somehouse. On the morning of the day we are thing exquisite beyond description in the arch writing about, while he was looking at a king- pretence of innocence in the last line. It was, bird who was flying off with a strip of cotton no doubt, a most wonderful mystery to the buntsman and fishermaid "what it all meant: A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

As I was walking o'er mead and lea, curious circumstance happened to me : huntsman I saw in the forest brake; He rode up and down beside a lake. And many a deer flew past the spot; But what did the huntsman? He shot them not! He blew his horn in the forest green: Now tell me, good people, what could that mean

As I walked on along the shore, A curious circumstance happened once more ; Rowed o'er by the side of the forest glade. But what did the maiden? She caught them not She sang a song by the forest green: Come, tell me, good people, what could that

Retracing my steps at even fall, They chattered a great deal, and seemed to The most curious circumstance happened of all: What heard I therein? A whispering pair! For several days nothing was seen of them, but at last they came, bringing ever so many Now tell me, good people, what could that mean?

"Now tell me, good people, what could that into the rooms, and planning about them. At mean," is a solemn question as well as a deep last they seemed satisfied, and decided to take one. The good people are supposed to shake their devoted heads mysteriously, and look as

not had the pleasure of enjoying it : . .

THE USUAL WAY.

When evening brings the twilight hour, I pass a lonely spot; Where oft she comes to cull the flower We call "Forget-me-not." She never whispers go nor stay; We meet by chance, the usual way.

\* \* \* Once, now I cannot well divine-I only know, we kissed. I found her lips were close to mine, So I could not resist.

As neither whispered yea or nay, They met by chance, the usual way. The roses, when the zephyrs woo, Impart what they receive; They sigh and sip the balmy dew, But ne'er a whisper give. Our love is mutual—this I know—

Though neither tells the other so. This is true in all kinds of life, from that of the plough boy to the king. There is some-As soon, however, as Tommy finished his thing inexplicable about it, but one thing is certain-it is the "usual way."

And this, by some one whom I cannot now at once took possession of a room in the new remember, is full of the pure, happy feelone, and everything seemed delightfully settled ing that ever abides in the breast of the earnest lover of that happiness which the and Chirp. The gentleman was Twitter and world cannot give-that home for which we should all faith ully and earnestly strive, and At once they began to gather twigs to make as one by one our ties on earth are loosened

THE PEACEFUL WAITING.

A little longer yet, a little longer, Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet birds And the lime branches, where soft winds are

Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring. A little longer yet, a little longer, Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn.

The tender grasses and awakening flowers Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn. A little longer yet, a little longer, The tenderness of twilight shall be thine.

The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight, To fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

Shall starry night be beautiful to thee, And the cold moon shall look through the blu silence Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer, Life shall be thine-life with its power t Life with its strength to bear, to love, to con

Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill. m to play a litte joke upon her. But no; A little longer still-patience, beloved! A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll The glory and the brightness and the wonder

Eternal and divine that wait thy soul.

And, trembling, bow before the great white And fills thy spirit with a great delight; Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten

Our sun a darkness, and our day a night. A little longer, and thy heart, beloved, Shall beat forever with a love divine,

And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal, No mortal knows and lives, shall then b Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear

hers was hardly begun, she smoothed her feathers and responded more cheerfully to the courtesies of her friends.

Angels and saints await thee; and God needs thee;.

Beloved, can we bid thee linger here? thee;. Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

The following, by John G. Whittier, is one of the sweetest and simplest of poems. It mate for him, came to see her. He found her goes to the heart as few poems do, and finds one of the most important, and is now known brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleas- sole, the speedy, the eternal cure. It is not by so amiable and pleasant that he proposed upon its way to the most tender recesses. There that in the speculative, or, more properly, ures appears to lower the tone and impair both opinion that we are to meet opinion; it is the the spot, and she said yes without hesitation. are, in this varied world of ours, very few gambling character, which American com-So they at once began to finish the nest-building. And, if Chirp ever thought again of Twitter, she did not show it in her manner; are, in this varied world of ours, very lew merce and industry has taken under the influence of our banking system, that the reward of labor never reaches by at least one-third the for she and Pounce, as Jamie named the has done my soul good to look upon them. No advance which takes place in the necessaries new-comer, lived as happily as birds in a fairy matter how hard and brawny the hands, or of life, and that it does not rise at all until a

whenever he saw her, and finally she ceased that "little Jerry's" record may be ours when coming. After she disappeared there was the "autumn day" arrives and the "brook is

> LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER. Beneath the hill you may see the mill, Of wasting wood and crumbling stone: The wheel is dripping and clattering still, But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late, Alike in summer and winter weather, He pecked the stones and caulked the gate, And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name, Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye;' And "Little Jerry, come grind my tye,
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue And thus the simple truth was told; For Jerry was little when he was young, And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack, That Jerry made up in being strong; I've seen a sack upon his back As thick as the miller and quite as long.

Always busy and always merry, Always doing his very best, A notable wag was little Jerry, Who uttered well his standing jest:

'When will you grind my corn, I say?' "Nay," quoth Jerry, "you needn't scold; Just leave your grist for half a day, And never fear but you'll be tolled.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,

But how he died there's none may know; One Autumn day the rumor came-"The brook and Jerry are very low." And then 'twas whispered mournfully The leech had come and he was dead;

And all the neighbors flocked to see: "Poor Little Jerry!" was all they said. They laid him in his earthly bed-His miller's coat his only shroud-"Dust to dust," the parson said,

And all the people wept aloud. For he had shunned the deadly sin, And not a grain of over-toll Had ever dropped into his bin, To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill. Of wasting wood and crumbling stone ; The wheel is dripping and clattering still, But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

The sweetness and beauty of the following cannot fail to be felt and appreciated by all true lovers of poetry, especially those who love it in its purity and simplicity, although, per- and at all times. haps, the bright spring-time would be a more appropriate season for the introduction of this little gem, the author of which is Mr. John James Piatt, of Cincinnati:

ONE OF TWO.

Listen and look! If you listen you see A nest with a bird in yonder tree: Above, in the leaves that glisten with May. the little half-owner issinging to-day "We are very proud, we are rich and blessed-Come and look, if you please, at our nest."

Listen and look! If you look you hear The sweetest song you have heard for a year: Over the nest on the tremulous spray The little half-owner is singing to day: "Soon, in the nest I have asked you to see, Listen and look for our family!

One more, surely written by one around This, by Uhland, is also full of peculiar mys- whose neck baby arms have twined, and into and four on the second; so it could only ac- tery, beyond solving, perhaps, by any who have whose ears the sweet prattle of infancy has for this world:

> LITTLE CARRIE. Fold her little shroud about her. Softest fold of snowy white; Yearning hearts must live without her, She is in the land of light. Clasp the tiny waxen fingers O'er the peaceful, slumbering breast, Close the baby eyelids gently, Little Carrie's gone to rest.

On her downy coffin pillow Lay the darling little head, Lay the precious sleeper softly In her strange and lonely bed. Never more shall pain's keen arrows Pierce that sweet and tender form: She is safe from every evil,

Safe from every earthly storm. To that far off blessed country, Where your young white dove has gone Think not that she went through darkness, Wandering, fearful, and alone Jesus loves these little children. He has born her o'er the flood, And has laid your treasure softly

She will have no need of mamma On that home-like, pleasant shore, Nor will fear the loving faces She has never seen before. Beautiful and gentle angels . Watch and guard your baby there, So she will not miss your voices Or your never-wearying care.

In the bosom of her God.

My lamp is burning low, and the fire in my pipe has gone out. Dreams of by gone days take possession of my being, and afar off I see bright angel eyes looking upon me from the better land, where liveth and reigneth forever the One who said "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"Those Who go Down to the Sea in Ships."

The sailor, from youth until he is too old to

There must be a reform in the present mer- system. chant service, and it must commence with the

could unite together and organize something of of courage. It is also a sign of mental inferi- you need only to translate it into action."

child is provided for in some way or other. lack of judgment and force, indicative of a such as scepticism, ritualism, rationalism, Ro- spring and grow green by that constant and Every facility is provided for the most scien- brain impaired by excess. tific training as commanders of ships, engi-

no other institution of the kind; a close atten- lived purely in the days of their youth. In down its feverish pulse, and soothe it into works of grace, empty the great clouds sometion to the concerns of the company, in which early life the brain, though abounding in vigor, blessed calm, "the gospel of the grace of God." every one is more or less personally interested: and the fact that this company is found to be this to such a degree, that a comparatively eries; this is the Divine medicine; this is the shall overflow like Jordan in time of harvest." ence of our banking system, that the reward truth of science.

There are many of us who may well pray on the excess of paper beyond specie held for will not be, if we live temperately, and keep its redemption, from the labor of the country, our minds occupied with proper and interesting and to transfer it to the pockets of bank officers subjects. It is a fact well known that total its remote results, we point to the debauched their perceptions in this respect.

\* [From the Youth's Temperance Banner.] John Shab and His Landlord

BY KEV. ALFRED TAYLOR. Poor John Shab and his family have to move. John is trying to persuade old Mr. Sleek, the landlord, who has come to see him on the sub- fit. What is 'rue of the thousand dollars is ject, that if he will indulge him a little longer on the rent, he will before long pay up in full. But Sleek has listened to poor John's promises he has brought with him, will have to levy on vanced in life than they; and, according to the John's furniture and sell it to pay the rent which John owes. Poor John Shab says that filled by some of those young men who are the furniture is not very good, and that it now serving in humble capacities. Which of won't amount to much; for the fact is, things | them shall it be? It will be those who do not or other, for some time past; and he thinks, purely, and expend their intellect in acquiring perhaps, they had better let him keep what the knowledge and self-command which the there is of it, as it might not be of much use to head of an establishment must possess.

the back room, wondering what is to become which the men fitted to be masters are selected of them; and Shab himself thinks that his from the mass, and put in their proper places. landlord ought not to be hard on him; for he Those who cannot govern themselves seldom is so poor, and has such a large family to supget a chance to govern others, and if they get

benefit."

proud of you, instead of looking on you with he may neglect his opportunity to gain a masshame, as they do. Your wife might have tery over the details of his occupation; he may loved you; but you can't expect her to think have turned out to be. It is not too late to seldom be kept down by others. mend yet. If you will pray God for strength to keep away from the whisky-shop, you may you deserve it. You may have to wait long yet be a decent man and a Christian. as poor John Shab has, it is hard to get up conduct you to a better one by and by. again. Pray for God's grace to keep you sober and decent.

### Humanity's Danger

terribly sad. In its manifold forms it is telling fearfully against the weal of mankind. It cannot be too zealously crushed out. It cannot morality disgusting. Some men, too, there be too faithfully fought against at any time have been, who have strictly observed the more

sin. The most dangerous danger of all that been sincerely virtuous, but have possessed a be give milk?" beset the human heart is in unbelief. Sin very limited capacity, and have done prodigous drove the first pair out of Paradise; sin ban- harm by their obstinate adherence to an unished Lucifer from Heaven; but there is a wise course. Such a man was George the paradise to day for all who will seek it, just as Third, King of England. He appeared to be surely as though sin had never existed, and conscientious and truly desirous of governing they can find heaven just as certainly as though his kingdom well, but being very ignorant, he

There has been atonement for sin, and what obstinate, he clung to his errors with a pertiremains is for all to accept that a tonement. | nacity which nothing could relax. I have In the way of such acceptance stands unbelief. often thought that a virtuous man, like George | the handle !" It takes possession of all hearts. Secretly, or the Third, does more harm to the cause of with a bold front, it dominates over nearly all virtue than a vicious man like George the lives. In ways subtle as varied, it is spreading | Fourth-because the one makes virtue appear its baleful influence abroad, and is seeking the contemptible, while the other makes vice apoverthrow of all truth. Preached from popu- pear contemptible. lar pulpits, disseminated through popular pein Christian communities.

who dally willingly with questionings which in of the rakish young men, and several of the been poured, and who doubtless has closed in death the eyes of a bright little being too pure "The fool hath said in his heart there is no agreeable to us. I think we all got the im-God;" many accounting themselves wise have pression that it was rather a stupid thing to asserted throughout life, "There is no Saviour be virtuous, and many of us, I fear, acted upon angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in ex--for me," and have finally met the fool's fate. that impression. Fatal error! Grievous fault! Sin did not work their final condemnationneither sin in the abstract, nor any particular should take special pains to make virtue en- danger by it. sin, save the sin of unbelief. Faithful believing gaging and attractive. Beware of being rewould have gained them that, the existence of

which they so unwisely denied. said of those stubborn and rebellious of old. early in life that they are never, even for a mo-It is a live saying to day. Under the wings of ment, deceived by the illusions of vice! Vice protection and persevation we may be gathered, is all illusion! offer? Or are we stiff-necked and obstinate in virtuous habits. our unbelief, and do we utterly refuse all tenders of mercy because, in our short-sightedness, we may not see clearly just how those tenders come to us, or just what is the character of Him who makes them?

# WASTING CAPITAL.

BY JAMES PARTON.

No great career without great health. No reat health without virtuous habits. The capital of a house of business is not its | went. s business talent is that which made it and reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She share their happiness with them.

One of the giants in business in America is | The girl withdrew her hand and passed on. Cornelius Vanderbilt. His talents of this kind are wonderful, and his business principles are "That boy will grab the apple," I said to my-correct and wise. Every man connected with self, peeping through the blinds. His bright him intimately knows well, and acts upon the eyes at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. schemes which that brain engenders. Take enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his to reprove the parent. that away and double his millions, and you will grimy hands, I could not help seeing how he have to search long before you can find a man longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? capable of so much as holding his business to- No.

Your brain, then, and what your brain holds, will constitute your capital as a man of busi-

ness. Do not waste that capital. It is a curious fact, that every one of the vices impair the brain most of all: nothing be useful, is a marketable article, for sale to the hurts it like a vice. If you fly into a passion highest bidder. "He is thrown aside when he | the whole system suffers, but it is the brain is no longer needed." Notwithstanding the which suffers most. If you sit up too late, if wealth that is brought to our country by means | you read inflaming novels, if you over-work, of the sailor's hard labor, he gets but a small if you under-work, if you breathe poisoned portion of it; and, cast adrift at the age of air, if you eat improper food, if you drink imabout fifty, penniless, degraded and broken proper drinks, whatever you do that is wrong down, he passes off, God knows how or where, or excessive, while it lowers the efficiency of without even a pine board to mark his grave. the whole system, its final and lasting effect is the eighth commandment, and I know it; what I do not remember ever seeing a very old sailor to coarsen or enfeeble the brain. We have all is better, I mean to stick to it. What's the use in my life, and I have seen a good many in my committed wickedness enough in our lives to of knowing unless you act up to it?" Here time. They die young, from hardship and neg- know this; and every one does know it who is he handed me the apple. accustomed to watch the working of his own

The impression used to be general that it is know honest boys. What is your name?" see that their sailors have comfortable boarding houses to go to.

whether there are any, or why people should instruction which he gets there.

for thy rudeness, and even because we must sow them, I have never been informed. The If you have looked at the manner, in which expression appears to be as senseless as the the French Navigation Company-Messagerie | meaning which it conveys. It is not a sign of Imperiale-conduct their affairs, you could spirit or courage for a young man to be dissi-

the kind on a grander scale.

A few years ago the Messagerie Imperiale consisted of three or four small steamers; new consisted or form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted this truth into action, how consisted or form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted three consistency consisted or form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted three consistency consistency consistency consistency con they have nearly all the trade and travel of the selves for a time to the vices of their day; but neyed! the thing, how rare! It is such a know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art and watch it. In about an hour it will be Mediterranean; and notwithstanding the good it is clear, even in their ease, that the vices of walk—not an abstract ideal, but a personality, in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest done—soft and juicy, with nice rosy jelly in condition of the English companies, the French their youth lamed all their subsequent career, a life. Oh! that we would only set ourselves for the altogether indispensable—for daily the cracks—and if you put it in a saucer, and have nearly driven them off the track. The and prevented them from attaining the excel- in right earnest to this rare work of transla- bread. - Carlyle. headquarters of this company is in the south lence and influence which nature had originally tion! of France, at a small port, where, out of a placed within their power. Charles James The earnestness which marks the age is not population of ten thousand people, six thou- Fox and Lord Bolingbroke were striking ex- of man, but of God. To give the right directions which makes the age is not a property of the population of ten thousand people, six thousand are employed by the company. They have their infant schools, and boys schools for opportunities and great abilities, but both of every one that would be a fellow-worker with But as the clouds drop the early dew, and the manhood, --in fact, every man, woman and them showed, at critical moments, a certain God. It is taking so many wrong directions -- evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not

neers, and for other positions in the com- years of truly helpful men, those who make Let us, then, meet this earnestness, which is so the customary devotion of prayer, twice a The result is a moral tone that is kept up in them, you will almost invariably find that they of the age, with that which alone can bring dew; but if you will increase and flourish in is sensitive and very susceptible to injury—and All other things are but opiates, drugs, quacklife. This is not preaching, boys-it is a simple plying the edge of the "sword of the Spirit" I have heard young men say:

if they are not to be gratified?"

and shareholders, in return for benefits!! which abstinence is easier than moderation; and I do of intoxicating drink on the individual. For purity are ever much troubled with furious desires. In the second place, the desires which sentiment of the masses on the question of the nature has implanted in us were designed to be payment of the debt in coin. Their whole gratified, and may be; but then there are two training, so far as the influence of the business ways of gratifying them-a lawful and an uncommunity is concerned, has tended to confuse | lawful. A thousand dollars is a good thing to have, but there are two ways of getting itearning it, and stealing it. We can steal it in a moment, but it is a dangerous and dastardly action. Earning it is long and laborious, and often painful; but when we have won it, it is ours against the world; it is a possession good in itself and leading to other good. Getting it was a benefit, having it is a benefit, spending it is a benefit, and even losing it may be a bene-

and which it is more common to steal. There are fifty young men in the same store or long enough, and says that the constable, whom shop. The foremen and partners are more ad- It is said that this life, afther all, is a bubble, course of nature, their places must ere long be had not been going right with him, somehow waste their brains. It will be those who live A sifting process is continually going on in

true also of things more precious than money,

Poor Mrs. Shab and the little Shabs are in the world, and in all places of business, by Poor Shab! Everything seems to go wrong the other hand, it may be laid down as an alwith him. He is like the poor loafer who said most invariable rule, that in the United states that "it does seem, when a fellow's going every person who is truly fit and able to play down-hill, all creation's greased for his special a leading part in business, to direct wisely the labor or the minds of others, does at length John Shab, you might have been a decent attain the position for which he is fitted. There man. You might have had a happy family, in- is no keeping him down. A young man may stead of those half-starved beings who bear keep himself down; he may waste the power your name. Your children might have been of his brain and the vigor of his health by vice; squander the priceless days of his youth; he very highly of such an execrable loafer as you may keep himself down; but the right man can

Mark this, lads : Your chance will come if for it, but it will come! Make the most and Boys, when you have gone as far down hill the best of the place you now have, and it will

There are a good many people in this world ill of old maids. They are the true angels who who pass their lives in making virtue odious. Their demeanor is ungracious; their appear ing them. ance is forbidding; and, in judging of persons not quite so regular as themselves, they are Sin is degrading, and its consequences are harsh, arrogant and uncharitable. A gloom surrounds them and their whole walk and conversation appears expressly contrived to make no sinner had ever been expelled therefrom. was easily deceived and misled; and being very

I can well remember, when I was at school riodicals, it is gaining an established foothold at White Plains, Westchester County, New the body I would not slay his soul." And the York, how sour and disagreeable some of the lady crossed herself with holy horror. Open infidelity is not half so fatal in its elders and deacons, perfectly virtuous men, no effects as this vague, subtle unbelief. Men doubt, made themselves to the school-boys of shrink in alarm from atheistic denials of God that pleasant village. At the same time some pelled from what is good by the mistakes or incompleteness of those who practice it. Happy "How oft would I have gathered you" was are they who discover the loveliness of virtue so

The Right Kind of Sunday-School Boy. Tom dropped a large, fine red apple out of the front window, which rolled pretty near the iron railing between our grass-plot and the street. Tom forgot to pick it up. Pretty soon

two boys came along. an apple. Let's hook it!"

The other boy nudged him, with a whisper, "Shut up; the folks are looking;" and on they money and effects, but the brain, the knowl- A little girl next passed. She spied the ap-

> looked round; a man was coming down street. A ragged little fellow passed by soon after.

He came up the steps and rang the door bell.

I went to the door. "I found this big apple in your yard," said the boy, "and I thought may-

"Why did you not eat it?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "it isn't mine." "It was almost in the street," I said, "where it would have been hard to find an owner." " Almost is not altogether," replied the boy,

"which Mr. Curtis says makes all the difference in the world." Who is Mr. Curtis?' "My Sunday-school teacher. He explains

"Will you please take the apple?" I said.

# PREACHING.

life easier or nobler to those that come after now the boast, but may, ere long, be the bane, day, is the falling of the early and the latter

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

find an appropriate illustration in the influence not believe that people who live with absolute DENNIS O'RAFFERTY'S OPINION OF FAYMALE SUF-Och, he is a baste who opposes the right

Of a faymale to vote whenever she plazes: For mysilf, I look forth to the day wid delight When the polls will appear like a meadow of said to me Kathleen, when from the conven-

She came wid a beautiful smile on her face, Ye'll soon be a lady, and ivery attention Be shown yez by those who have power and Mrs. Gunnybags thin on yersilf will be dotin' And axin' yees up to her house, never fear

And thin in her carriage, when faymales are Ye'll sit by her side, och! Kathleen, me dear. But not so to me, a true son of the sod;

all throuble. While mixin' the mortar and carryin' me hod. And I am not jealous, oh, no, not at all!

But welcome from Erin each strong-minded To climb up the ladders and walk on the wali, And share all the joys of the bricks and the mortar.

vanity gives currency.

Oaths are the weapons a coward wieldssuch a chance they do not keep it long. On the froth which tells the water's shallowness Ceremony is a plant that will never grow in

> looks down in the month. ing; the weak falters, although it be standing

> If a Colt's pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse-pistol to have? A man is more wretched in reproaching him-

self, if guilty, than in being reproached by others, if innocent We perpetually fancy ourselves intellectually

transparent when we are opaque, and morally is leisure in the country, time for reading and opaque when we are transparent Some cynical old bachelor says : Don't speak

have refused to make men miserable by marry-"What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" asked the superintendent of a Sunday school. "They dried themselves!" said a shrill-voiced little girl.

A lady teacher was trying to impress upon obvious rules of morality while practicing deep of Nebuchadnezzar, saying, "Seven years he walls and roof like an ice-house, and should Yet the great danger of humanity is not in and damnable wickedness. Others again have ate grass like a cow," when a boy asked, "Did have as much glass as possible to admit light OF SWEET SINGING .- A little girl, delighted

> her mother, "What makes he sing so sweetdo he eat flowers ?"

Why, no I won't,

at the singing of the bobolink, naively asked

YE ROMANTIC TALE, - Extract from the last great sensation romance: "Then, Hortense, if thou dost wish thus to sweep him from thy path, lure him to the godless city of Chicago, and his doom is certain.'

"Nay! nay! not that; though I would kill

except that the chaser is in want o' sensation, matter may be used in a manure heap as a sub-

The desire of power in excess caused the

cess caused man to fall: but in charity there is Every man should not only be virtuous, but no excess, neither can angel or man come in A man with knowledge, but without energy, Agriculturist. is a house furnished, but not inhabited; a man

in, but unfurnished. One of the greatest of serious delights that if we will. But will we? Do we so much fear No great career without great health. No the father is above the common stamp of men, can move a child's heart is the conviction that an end past all hoping as to accept the kindly great health, either for body or soul, without and is honored by some fine quality that the others are not so happy as to possess.

with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt

A man, in telling about a wonderful parrot hanging from a cage in the window of a house. which he had often passed, said: "It cries duced. Then there will be a better catch and 'Stop thief' so naturally that, every time I hear it, I always stop!' A "Down-East" Yankee has recently in-

vented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort "Oh, my !" cried one, " see that bouncer of of powder snuff. The animal jerks his head him; he should make himself worthy of it, and nying the package.

dge, the intelligent force which it wields. Its ple and stopped, looking very hard at it, then put her hand through the rails and tried to tions think themselves the happiest, when others rences about them, and should be fed, if for

The false gentleman almost bows the true out

of the world. He contrives so to address his companions as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse, and make them feel excluded.

"A tailor is the ninth part of a man," said

the shears. "But," responded the latter, "a fool is no part at all." It is the highest duty, privilege and pleasbe you dropped it out, and didn't know it was there; so I picked it up and fetched it to you." to work their own way through life, to be the

architect of their own fortunes. tel. After they had drank an enormous quanquite right," replied the waiter; " but you for-

get the three under the table.'

HONORABLENESS OF LABOR .- I honor the toilworn craftsman, who with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes

FREQUENT PRAYER .- Bishop Taylor beautimanism, etc.—that we must make haste to put double falling of the dew, unless some great times, and let them fall in a full shower of prayer; close out the seasons when prayer

the delicacy and the efficiency of the brain for life. This is not preaching, boys—it is a simple opinion that we are to meet opinion. It is the truth of God that we are to wield; and, applying the edge of the "sword of the Spirit" grain that can be fed to stock. We have found to the theories of man, (which he proudly calls boiled wheat excellent food for milch cows. his opinions,) make him feel what a web of When wheat costs less than \$1.25 per bushel, "Why are these furious desires given to us sophistry and folly he has been weaving for his give the cows from two to four quarts each per tale.

Jamie never knew what became of poor Twitter; but there was an ugly black cat who used to come into the yard, whom he suspected used to come into the yard whom he suspected used to come into the park in the one yard used to come into the yard whom he suspected used to come into the yard whom he suspected used to come into the park in the one yard used to come into the park in the one yard used to come into the park in the yard with this in the yard with the one yard in the yard with the ward and the yard with the yard with the yard with the yard wit not hurt them. - Agriculturist.

AGRICULTURAL.



THE FARM AND THE HOUSEHOLD

Improvement in Farmers' Homes.

better in the homes of all classes of our peo-

ple within the last thirty years. We think

quite a large share of this improvement is found

There has been a very great change for the

in the strictly rural districts, and is fairly the result of the opportunities and privileges of agricultural life. The average rural parish is the equal of the city parish in intelligence, in good morals, and piety. Social life has not so much show and brilliancy, but quite as much For the years have been joyous, and free from solid happiness. The children coming up in the country have a much better chance of sound health, of a good education, and of a useful career in life. The division of labor, brought about by the introduction of manufactures, has blest the farmer almost as much as any other class. He no longer provides his own clothing or makes his own furniture. He can buy cheaper. The thrifty farmer in the older States has an architect to build his house, and there Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our is taste displayed in the building and in its surroundings. He knows a good deal about fruits and flowers, and what he does not know his wife or daughter does. The flower border is quite up to the town standard. The upholstery may not be quite so attractive, but the floors are carpeted, and the windows have blinds and curtains quite enough for cheerfulness and A dentist at work in his vocation always health. The table is neatly spread, and the chinaware and other appointments come from The firm foot is that which finds firm foot- the same manufactories that furnish city homes. The cookery, especially that part of it furnished by the mistress of the mansion, is above the average in cities. Pianos and melodeons are very common, and the same songs are heard there as in the town, and they are sung about as well. Professional singers do not go to the country for their audiences, but the country

CARE OF POULTRY IN WINTER.

right direction.

comes to them and furnishes a fair share of

their appreciative listeners and admirers. There

reflection, plenty of newspapers and magazine.

and the village library has its numerous patrons

in farmers' homes. Farm life in this age of

railroads and steamers is quite different from

the life led by our fathers. It moves in the

Very few persons pay necessary attention to poultry in winter, although at this season they require constant care. A poultry-house, to be her pupils the terrible effect of the punishment | quite warm, should be constructed with double and sunshine. Boards about four inches wide are better adapted for roosts than round poles, as the fowls sitting on them can cover their feet with their feathers and protect them from frost. Old hens are not worth feeding: they should be got rid of, and young, vigorous ones Little three year-old Mary was playing very substituted. When more than three years old, roughly with the kitten, carrying it by the tail. hens are not usually worth keeping. Abun-Her mother told her she would hurt pussy. dant food should be given in winter, as without it very few eggs will be obtained. Every try-house should be furnished with boxes for the hens to lay in, so arranged that they canbe given with regularity, and a supply of lime, gravel, crushed bones and charcoal should always be available. - Farmer's House Journal.

SUBSTITUTES FOR "MUCK."-Swamp muck is vegetable matter in a state of slow decomposition. In the swamp the decomposition is ex-Steeple-chasing is to proper bold riding what | ceedingly slow; when dried and mingled with foolhardiness is to courage: it proves nothing the soil, much more rapid. Any vegetable wet meadow land, or any grass sods taken from the fence rows or sides of the road, laid in a heap to decay, resemble it closely, and both these articles may be used when dry in the stables, or yards as absorbents. They will make mud, however, if they get very wet .-- Am

KERP YOUR LAND GOOD .- We are apt to crop our land until the soil is exhausted or greatly reduced-indeed, crop it so long as any profit can be realized. This is very wrong; it is killing land, and its complete restoration thereafter is impossible. It can only be brought up to a profitable point by manure and labor, but never to the original fertility, if that fertility

The way is to seed down before the soil is rea more certain crop. Land should be kept up. That is the great secret.—Rural World. Young Cattle.-Give young cattle all the cornstalks and hay they want to eat, and with

good shelter they will thrive. If lousy, wash them with a moderately strong solution of car-No man ought to enjoy what is too good for bolic soap, following the directions accompa-Beeves should have warm quarters, where the spring market, with all they will eat of corn and oil-meal mixed, and with roots and hay to give variety, or with other fattening

feed. Quick fattening is very profitable, and

they need very little exercise, so long as they have good appetites. Few parents like to be told of the faults of a . Sheep which are fed for slaughter need to be knowledge that that sound brain of his is the After looking a moment he ran across the street child. The reason is obvious. All faults are sorted, so that the stronger ones shall not get great fact of his position—not the fifty or sixty and picked up a stick. He, poked the stick either hereditary or educational; and, in either more grain than is their share, or than is good millions of dollars which execute the colossal through the rails, and rolled the apple near case, to point a finger at a child is, indirectly. for them. Sheep are easily thrown "off their feed" by over-feeding. Give turnips and oilcake with corn, and occasionally hemlock a would be wit in the presence of a knight of boughs, if these can be easily got; all sheep are fond of them, and they are a healthy variation of 'heir diet. Examine all sheep for ticks, lice, and scab, and, if necessary, apply carbolic seap in the form of strong suds, thrown into the parted fleece through a quill in the cork of a

bottle; it will keep the vermin in check. Swine. - The high price of pork will tempt A party of epicures dined together at a ho- farmers to get their store pigs in condition for slaughter. This is not worth while unless you tity of wine, they called for their reckoning. have abundant provision made for a large stock "It is absolutely impossible that we four men of young ones. Sows will eat good clover hay drank so much," stammered one. "You are and corn-stalks, if sweet, and may be kept in good condition on comparatively little feed besides.—American Agriculturist.

# Domestic Recipes.

How to ROAST AN APPLE.-When mamma her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand is sick, and you want to make her something "I am glad you brought it in, for I like to crooked, coarse-wherein, notwithstanding, lies nice, a roast apple will be just the thing. Take a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the a big red apple and tie a long string to the merchants. They must make these men com- a good thing, a sign of spirit and courage, for He told me. I need not tell you; only I sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the stem. It must be long enough to reach from fortable, pay them well, supply them with a young man to abandon himself for awhile to think you will agree with me, that he is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled with the chimney-piece to the fire, and if there is a moral books to read, give them a share, be it vice and dissipation. This was called "sow- right kind of Sunday-school scholar. He its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man wood fire in the house be sure that you select ever so small, in the profits of the voyage, and ing his wild oats." What wild oats are, or squares his conduct by the faithful Christian living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable that, for nothing makes apples or anything pity as well as love thee! hardly-entreated glow of the fire must rest upon the apple as it brother! For us was thy back so bent; for changs, and you should put a plate under it to us were thy straight limbs and fingers so de-catch the juice. Twist the string up as tight "To restore a common-place truth," writes formed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the as you can all in one way, and then let it go. form an idea of how our merchant princes pated. It is a sign of want of spirit and want Mr. Coleridge, "to its first uncommon lustre, lot fell, and, fighting our battles, wert so That is all you have to do—the apple will marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created take care of itself. The string untwirls as sprinkle su\_ar over it, mamma will find it

> RECIPE FOR BOILED CUSTARD. -- One teacupful new milk, one tablespoonful white sugar. Scald the milk over the steam of boiling water. (Do that by setting the bowl with the milk in it in the top of the teakettle.) Beat up the egg and sugar, and when the milk is scalding hot, stir in the egg and sugar, without removing the bowl, then stir it over the fire till it begins to appear thick like cream, then set it

CLEANING COAT COLLARS .- " For cleaning coat collars and all woollen goods I recommend the Soap-tree Bark, (Quillaya saponaria,) which can be procured at the drug stores. Break a piece about two inches square, into small bits, and pour over it a half pint of boiling water; let it stand an hour or two, then sponge the collar well with the liquor; a second sponging with clear water will clean it nicely. Both washing and rinsing water should be as